

Dr. Luntz

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B. LUST, N. D., M. D.

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Davenport Osteopathic Sanatorium,

F. B. Teter, D. O.,

J. S. Poynter, M. D., D. O.

Davenport, Wash.

March 15th, 1920.

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Enclosed find check for which please ship one-half gross of Flaxolyn. We find your Flaxolyn unusually serviceable and effective as a tonic and normal laxative.

We are with regards

Fraternally yours,

J. S. Poynter, M. D., D. O.

F. B. Teter, D. O.

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REALITY

*A Magazine Devoted to the
Elimination of Prejudice,
Religious, Racial and Class*

A Magazine of Constructive Thought

Words of Abdul Baha
from Ahmad Sohrab's Diary

More Than a Dream
James Morton, Jr.

Perverted Appetites
Charles G. Pease

**Abdul Baha, the Prophet of a
Universal Religion**
Rev. J. Herman Randall

FEB. 1922

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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THE ONENESS OF MANKIND

TWELVE BASIC BAHAI PRINCIPLES

1. The oneness of mankind.
2. Independent investigation of truth.
3. The foundation of all religions is one.
4. Religion must be the cause of unity.
5. Religion must be in accord with science and reason.
6. Equality between men and women.
7. Prejudice of all kinds must be forgotten.
8. Universal peace.
9. Universal education.
10. Solution of the economic problem.
11. An international auxiliary language.
12. An international tribunal.

These twelve basic Bahai principles were enunciated by Baha'o'llah over sixty years ago and are to be found in his published writings of that time.

REALITY

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The Bahai Movement

Rapidly spreading throughout the world, and attracting the attention of scholars, savants and religionists of all countries—oriental and occidental

For the information of those who know little or nothing of the Bahai Movement we quote the following account translated from the (French) Encyclopaedia of Larousse:

BAHAISM: the religion of the disciples of Baha'o'llah, an outcome of Babism. — Mirza Husian Ali Nuri Baha'o'llah was born at Teheran in 1817 A. D. From 1844 he was one of the first adherents of the Bab, and devoted himself to the pacific propagation of his doctrine in Persia. After the death of the Bab he was, with the principal Babis, exiled to Baghdad, and later to Constantinople and Adrianople, under the surveillance of the Ottoman Government. It was in the latter city that he openly declared his mission, . . . and in his letters to the principal Rulers of the States of Europe he invited them to join him in establishing religion and universal peace. From this time, the Babis who acknowledged him became Bahais. The Sultan then exiled him (1868 A. D.) to Acca in Palestine, where he composed the greater part of his doctrinal works, and where he died in 1892 A. D. (May 29). He had confided to his son, Abbas Effendi (Abdul-Baha), the work of spreading the religion and continuing the connection between the Bahais of all parts of the world. In point of fact, there are Bahais everywhere, not only in Mohammedan countries, but also in all the countries of Europe, as well as in the United States, Canada, Japan, India, etc. This is because Baha'o'llah has known how to transform Babism into a universal religion, which is presented as the fulfillment and completion of all the ancient faiths. The Jews await the Messiah, the Christians the return of Christ, the Moslems the Mahdi, the Buddhists the fifth Buddha, the Zoroastrians Shah Bahram, the Hindoos the reincarnation of Krishna, and the

Atheists a better social organization! Baha'o'llah represents all these, and thus destroys the rivalries and the enmities of the different religions; reconciles them in their primitive purity, and frees them from the corruption of dogmas and rites. For Bahalism has no clergy, no religious ceremonial, no public prayers; its only dogma is belief in God and His Manifestations. . . . The principal works of Baha'o'llah are the Kitab-ul-Ighan, the Kitab-ul-Akdas, the Kitab-ul-Ahd, and numerous letters or tablets addressed to sovereigns or to private individuals. Ritual holds no place in the religion, which must be expressed in all the actions of life, and accomplished in neighborly love. Every one must have an occupation. The education of children is enjoined and regulated. No one has the power to receive confession of sins, or to give absolution. The priests of the existing religions should renounce celibacy, and should preach by their example, mingling in the life of the people. Monogamy is universally recommended, etc. Questions not treated of are left to the civil law of each country, and to the decisions of the Bait-ul-Adl, or House of Justice, instituted by Baha'o'llah. Respect toward the Head of the State is a part of respect toward God. A universal language, and the creation of tribunals of arbitration between nations, are to suppress wars. "You are all leaves of the same tree, and drops of the same sea," Baha'o'llah has said. Briefly, it is not so much a new religion, as Religion renewed and unified, which is directed today by Abdul-Baha.—Nouveau Larousse Illustré, supplement, p. 60.

There is No Separation from Abdul Baha

There is a little story, written by James Morton, Jr., on another page which contains a great and beautiful truth. The outward personality of Abdul Baha has departed from the earthly plane, but his radiant reality is more than ever present in life. Its influence is already manifest in the events of the world and it is important that each individual should unite itself closely to that heavenly Presence, so that guidance may not be lost.

Naturally we will recall now the stories we have heard in regard to Abdul Baha's sojourn upon earth and his relations with life, and many books of such stories may appear. Ahmad Sohrab's unpublished diary will be a treasure house of such things and also the marvelous pages of Mrs. Alice Beede's stay with the Master at Ramleh, Egypt, and in Acca shortly after his visit to America. One of the latter is as follows:

A wealthy man of Acca left a sum of money to be distributed annually among poor women. The gifts gradually lessened in size and the governor was appealed to who put the matter in charge of Abdul Baha, under whose care the gifts increased for a while, but presently diminished. The governor was appealed to once more and upon investigation it developed that the sum originally left had long since disappeared and the recent largesse had all come from the purse of Abdul Baha.

Another is of similar import. It seems a basket of fruit had been sent to Abdul Baha by a group of Damascus believers, but when it arrived considerable portions of it had been purloined in transit. The matter was brought to Abdul Baha's attention. Should complaint be made to the Express Company? He pondered a moment and then said "If my name was on the basket they are not to blame, for if they knew it was my fruit, they knew it was their's and they were free to take what they pleased." Investigation showed that the name of Abbas Effendi was on the basket, so nothing was done.

Another story relates how a certain Mohammedan of Cairo gave a sum of money to Abdul Baha, to be used as he chose for

charity. Abdul Baha called the Bahais in consultation and they eagerly advised different applications of the money, but all for Bahai purposes. Abdul Baha listened patiently for some time and then said, "You have all given your opinions now and none of you has asked for mine," whereupon all begged his pardon, and he went on "I shall give it to the Carmelite nuns for they are constantly doing good in the city and they are very poor." In another case of a similar sort, he gave a hundred dollars to the Greek Church and only twenty in aid of his own followers.

Another very interesting story is that of Mrs. Beede's beads. During the visit of Albert Hall to Ramleh, the question of the Master's spiritual vision came up and Mrs. Beede declared that he saw whatever he wished to know whether at a distance or in his immediate environment. Mr. Hall, who was a practical man and not familiar with such things, disputed this, whereupon Mrs. Beede exclaimed, "He is not here now, but he always carries a string of beautiful white prayer beads, which he knows I love, he will come in presently and give them to me." Mr. Hall declared vehemently against this but sure enough, Abdul Baha presently entered the room and presented Mrs. Beede with the beads. Mr. Hall a little later had a remarkable psychological experience, which completely changed his point of view in regard to the two worlds, the world of material existence and that of the soul.

Another of Mrs. Beede's beautiful stories describes how she visited Abdul Baha one morning and found him amid piles of letters, struggling with his immense correspondence. She watched him for a while in silence and then unable to repress her impatience, cried out "why do they persecute you with letters, when they should be aware that you know everything and that if they think their requests and questions you will receive them all."

He paused and looked at her and then said gently, "Go back to America and tell all the people this so that they will understand."

Mrs. Beede's experience in becoming the Bahai mother of Soraya Afnan, daughter of Tuba Khanom, was very interesting. She loved the little girl very much and one day when they came in from the garden to the presence of Abdul Baha, he remarked

"You love her very much?" "Indeed I do," cried Mrs. Beede, and embraced the child again with much love.

Abdul Baha regarded them very affectionately and then exclaimed, "You are her mother, her American mother, and she is your daughter." Henceforth the two became even more devoted than before and recently Mrs. Beede received the following letter from her beloved daughter, and this is the first letter received in America from a grand-daughter of Abdul Baha:

Haifa, Palestine, August 28, 1920.

My dear Bahai Mother:

I am now in a room on Mount Carmel, adjoining the Holy Tomb of the Bab, thinking of you and writing this letter. The atmosphere is so spiritual, the air so fresh, and the surroundings so inspiring, that I dearly wish you were here sharing with me these delightful days.

The master is happy and in perfect health. Busy in answering the many questions and the pilgrims that come from all parts of the world. The holy family are all well and happy too. The dear Bahai guests, Aunt Monever Khanom, is in Port Said and my cousin, Roshanguisi, left for England with Miss Cobral. I also am leaving for Cairo next month to enter the American College.

Dear mother, many thanks for your beautiful handkerchiefs and cards. I was very glad to receive such nice presents, from my dear Bahai Mother, who will never forget her little daughter. Mother as well as father and brothers send you their best love.

Your dear daughter,

Soraya Afnan.

(This is the first letter to America from a grand daughter of Abdul Baha. Soraya was given to A. Beede by Abdul Baha as "her real daughter. She will always love you very much. She will never leave you. She will always remember you. Acca 1909—In prison House.)

Such stories bring us back the heavenly personality. He can have no successor, the Divine law renders this impossible. But as these beautiful tales recall his wonderful earthly life, meditation and prayer bring us into communion with the radiant Reality, which lives on in the invisible kingdom pouring upon the earth far more potent rays than were possible during the physical life of Abdul Baha. This is what we must look for.

Home of Abdult Baha,
Mount Carmel, Haifa, Palestine,
May 18, 1915.

The following is a copy of a few extracts from the unpublished diary of Mirza Ahmad Sohrab, during the world war, containing a deep message to the Bahais. This message is significant in the light of the recent Ascension of the Center of the Covenant, to the Kingdom of Abha, and is given out herein, for the benefit of the believers of God.

Dear Friends:

Before translating another long talk given by our Beloved for my benefit, and that of the Bahai world, I would like to share with you, a short Commune which He dictated, early this morning, in His own room.

"O God! O God! Thou seest me cast on the ground of humility and lowliness, supplicating toward the Kingdom of Thy Singleness, wandering in the wilderness of evanescence and agitation, beseeching toward the Supernal Realm of Thy Oneness, and flowing from my eyes the torrent of tears.

O Lord! I am roving in the desert of deprivation, and seeking the meeting of Thy Countenance.

How long, O God, how long hast Thou consigned me to the desert of oblivion, and dost Thou not call me to the neighborhood of Thy Mercifulness.

I declare, by Thy Glory, that through the pain of bereavement and wandering, in the plain of remoteness and oblivion, my bones are broken up, my flesh is dissolved, my powers are dis-integrated, my limbs are trembling and my organs are shaken.

O Lord! Destine for me the cup of the most great martyrdom and ascension to the neighborhood of Thy Mercy. O Thou, Creator of the earth and heavens! Verily, Thou art the Giver, the Self-Subsistent, the Generous and the Beneficent."

When He finished dictating He closed His eyes, immersed in a sea of contemplation. For more than five minutes He was silent, then as suddenly, He got up from His seat in the corner of the divan and began to walk. His present vibrant animation was just the opposite of His calmness of a few moments ago. Now, He was possessed by a stirring, overwhelming spirit. He looked at me and I saw His eyes were glowing like living fire,

the veins of His temples were filled and throbbing, and the lines of His forehead becoming more prominent.

Just as unconsciously, He took off His turban, and His white locks fell on His shoulders, adding a mystic beauty to His appearance, while His snow-white patriarchal beard, gave a Divine Majesty to His whole being.

His former tranquil and composed face was now completely changed, and the signs of the gathering of a storm of Divine emotions and sentiments, became visible. I stood in my place silent, transfixed with awe and wonder. I thought something was forthcoming, but I did not know what.

Erect and sovereign-like He stood near the window, then He turned around quickly, and with a flashing countenance and earnest expression, He said:

"I have sent for thee, this morning, to speak on a confidential matter. The enemies of the cause have again resorted to another device, whereby they may terminate my life.

Through one of the prominent inhabitants of Jerusalem, they have forwarded to Jamal Pasha, a long list of new accusations against me, charging me with the corruption of the morals of the youth, and undermining the religion of their ancestors.

Jamal Pasha, in turn, has expressed his ideas in a public meeting that 'If in reality Abbas Effendi is disseminating such pernicious doctrines, God willing, when I return from my conquest of Egypt, I shall hang him on a pillory.' He does not realize that I am day and night, longing and praying for the station of martyrdom. What greater happiness than this, what mercy more glorious than this? I am ready and expectant to drink from this Celestial Chalice of God's Bestowal.

In brief, I am telling thee this matter in confidence. I have not spoken about it to others, for they will become sad and confused. I am telling this, so that thou mayest know that I am encircled with an impending danger, thus if anything should happen, thou mayest convey my message to all the believers of God, and it is this:

"The friends of God must not be shaken by any test.

As the lofty mountains you must stand firm in the Cause of God.

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As the tempestuous sea you must never become calm and still.

As the brilliant stars you must ever shine and gleam.

As the sweet flowers you must always diffuse the fragrances of Divine civilization.

As the warbling nightingales sing ye, throughout all the seasons.

As the cool fountains gush ye forth, with the waters of spiritual explanations.

As the verdant meadows be yet not scorched, by the blowing of the hot winds of opposition.

As the sun wander ye through your course, and be not wearied of well doing.

As the real guides of humanity, illumine the ignorant with the light of wisdom, raise the lowly, inspire with noble ideals the despondent, and lead the erring ones into the Path of Truth.

Live ye, in accord with the good-pleasure of God.

Arise ye, with an irresistible force in the promotion of the teachings.

Like unto the sanctified apostles of Christ, summon ye, the people to the Kingdom of God, and invite them to walk in the road of Heavenly Prosperity and Success.

Let not any hindrance or obstacle dampen your enthusiasm.

Set aglow the hearts, with the fire of joy and exhilaration.

Adorn the temple of the world with the garment of the new creation.

I have trained you and educated you for this, your reserve powers are needed for such a day.

Beware! Beware! Lest lukewarmness overtake you, indifference master you, negligence take hold of you, and listlessness overwhelm you.

You must nurse and water and take care of the Blessed Tree of the Cause of God, so that it may grow and develop, its branches giving shade to people of the East and the West, and its luscious fruits satisfying the hunger of mankind.

Seek ye no other pleasure! Long ye for no other delight! Be ye filled to overflowing with the love of Baha 'Ullah; promulgate ye the traces of His Grandeur and Dominion.

Advance ye towards His Beauty, be ye attached to His

REALITY

Cause, and receive Divine Bounty from His Inexhaustable Storehouse.

The Tree of the Cause must be watered by you, so that it may bring forth leaves, blossoms and fruit.

If you do not arise, in the accomplishment of this service, who will then arise? To whom should I look forward? Whom can I trust with this Pearl of great price? Who will uphold the Name of Baha'Ullah? Who will make me happy in the Kingdom of my Father? Who will give up his rest and comfort for the promotion of the Cause? Who will carry this ball from the field of self-sacrifice?

Who will raise the voice of Ya Baha El Abha! in the vast congregations of humanity?

Ah me! Who? Who will turn his face toward heaven and pray, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done and not mine?"

Home of Baha'Ullah,
Acca, Palestine.
Feb. 16, 1915.

Dear Friends:

Today about eleven o'clock, the Beloved Abdul Baha came out of the house, and I followed Him on His walk. It was a perfect day, the city of Acca was bathed in the warm rays of the sun, and something filled my heart and whispered the words 'It is good to be here!'

Recently, the news of the war had set a train of thought in the minds of the people, the Turkish Government has sent spies all over the country, to find out what the people are thinking and doing; thus, suspicion and mistrust are eating away the heart of confidence and mutual relationship from amongst the inhabitants.

It was apropos of the above conditions, that the Beloved spoke as follows:

"Suspicion, like unto the hot blast of mid-summer, withers the roots of the sweet and delicate flowers of trust and confidence.

It extinguishes the light of love, and spreads the darkness of surmise and doubts. It blights the immortal plants of faith and reliance, and increases the germs of destruction and ruin.

It is worse than the venom of the serpent and more harmful than the armies of locusts. The poison of an adder kills the body, but the virus of suspicion destroys the spirit.

It has been demonstrated by eminent biologists that a single bacterium, after twenty-four hours of self-production and generation, will reach the total number of 16,776,216 bacteria. This is true, in a higher degree of the germ of suspicion, for its generative energy is most marked and its power of fecundity well pronounced.

The numerous colony of our bacteria had at least one bacterium for their primal ancestor, but suspicion cannot even claim as much.

It is always of uncertain origin, it sulks in the darkness. It cannot show its genealogical tree. Its genesis is never established. It jumps into the midst of a company, nobody knows from where, and immediately it starts flying around in the dust of doubt and hesitation. The individual members of the company feel a strange and unexplainable sensation creeping over their souls and benumbing their finer spiritual sensibilities. They look at each other with different eyes, they begin to suspect one another, and shun each other's association.

When, and how this retrograding transformation was wrought, how did we come to look on each other as social outcasts, as moral consumptives. With what kind of an epidemic disease are we afflicted, why are we so anaemic, how effectively this non-existent and yet all-powerful suspicion destroyed in the twinkling of an eye, the edifice of spiritual friendship, for the construction of which we had labored many a year.

Indeed the bacterium of suspicion is most virulent and contagious. Only a Divine Pathologist can defeat the presence of this germ. It cannot be seen with any microscope nor discovered by any process of ex-rays.

If we want to be spiritually sound and be kept immune from the attack of this disease, we must follow the course of moral hygiene as prescribed by the Ideal Physician.

Let us shut the door of our hearts to the undesirable guest of suspicion, clear the chamber of our mind from the dust of suspicion, banish from our dreams the ghost of suspicion, turn away from any talk that diffuses the smell of suspicion and

advance with a smiling face and open arms toward the court of trust and mutual confidence.

The Bahai Revelation and its all-inclusive teachings, is especially such a pure instrument to help us along this rather rocky road. Its Universal Grace is vouchsafed to all mankind, and its bestowal is not for the few, but for all men, irrespective of race, color or religion. It is the Manna from heaven to feed the hungry people, the rain from the clouds of Mercy to give water to the thirsty ones, the light from On High to guide and illumine the path of the erring ones, the fruits from the Tree of Life to strengthen the weary travellers, the songs of the birds of paradise to cheer the hopeless one, and the Gospel of Universal Salvation preached to all mankind.

It is not an exclusive society, but a Divine congregation. The dome of which is the Infinite Heaven, and the temple of which is the expanse of the earth.

No one can bottle up the Bahai spirit. The Bahai spirit is the most illusive ether; it is here, it is there, it is everywhere. It is the origin and substance of the highest ideals of this and the coming ages. The Bahai spirit is undogmatic, super-racial, inter-social and non-partisan.

Its underlying idea is the basic beauty of all things. In its broad principle of the Oneness of the world of humanity it welcomes everyone. There is not one single soul living, no matter how low he may have descended in moral deformity and spiritual gracelessness, but the Bahai love and fellowship is not able to save.

Baha'Ullah has established a Universal religion for all the children of the human race, for generations yet unborn. We are not allowed to commit mistakes and blunders of former sectarians, many of whom flourished in bygone centuries and divided the religion of God into so many denominations and all of whom were pronounced by each other heretic and schismatic. The Bahai faith is alike for the cultured and the simple hearted, the high and the low, the rich and the poor; with this condition that the high, the educated, the rich will become the loving friend, the sympathetic helper of his less fortunate brother.

The Bahai Cause draws no veil between the various classes but brings them together and adjusts their differences through the surrendering power of sacrifice and mutual regard.

It demands no favor but gives its blessings and teachings to all inquirers. Like unto the sun it shines upon the flowers of the garden and the grass of the field. It drives away no soul; on the contrary it invites all to the banquet of the Lord, consequently those who have enlisted themselves under the Flag of Baha'Ullah, are striving day and night, to embody in their lives the spirit of the teachings, and manifest in their deeds, the beauty of the spirit. They consort with all the people with joy and fragrance and mingle with their fellowmen without constraint or apprehension. Whether they live in the East or in the West they are the same God fearing men and women. They do not assume the life of holiness in order to deceive others, for they have nothing to gain and everything to lose.

A holy life of useful services, dedicated to the progress of mankind and consecrated to the promotion of the principles of Divine civilization is their highest aim and aspiration.

Their complete trust is in the Favor of the Lord. The true Bahais are not even working for any spiritual reward. The greatest and most precious reward is that inner satisfaction, as the visible fruit of unselfish service, having realized joyfully, that they have certain ideal duties to perform, they go on performing them from day to day glad of the privilege offered them by their Great Maker.

Moonbeam Bahai Cabin,
Abou Senan, Acca, Palestine.
March 2, 1915.

Dear Friends:

During the day, I saw our Beloved Abdul Baha several times. In the morning, He took a long walk through the mountain and the valley of this delightful resort, where His family and friends have been living for the past few months. As He walked along the narrow path of the mountain overlooking the Mediterranean Sea, He waved His hand toward me, and said:

"Religious intolerance has been a venomous serpent that poisoned the pure fountain of religious freedom from the dawn of recorded history. It was intolerance that crucified Christ, again, it was intolerance that persecuted the Christians, created the Board of Inquisition, burned at the stake holy men as heretics and women as witches.

It was intolerance that expelled the Jews from their homes in Russia. It was intolerance that has enkindled the fire of war and carnage throughout the world. It was intolerance that martyred the Bab and His followers, exiled Baha'Ullah and confined Him in the worst of prisons.

Intolerance is the deadliest weapon in the hands of bigotry, the sharpest sword to cut to pieces the heart of freedom. It is the foul monster of the deep, the arch-fiend of mankind and the dreadful Satan of hell.

In this enlightened age an intolerant man or woman is an anomaly. Praise be to God, that in the Bahai Dispensation, the hands and feet are freed from these chains and fetters. We are taught to consort with all the people with joy and fragrance, and to look upon all mankind as the branches, leaves, the blossoms and fruits of one Tree.

The Sun of God shines on all, the generosity of God sustains all, the rain of His Mercy falls upon all, the splendor of His Forgiveness encircles all, and His Bounteous Table is spread before all. No created being is excluded from His all inclusive Court.

He is kind to all His creatures, but they show toward each other enmity and hostility. The shepherd loves all his sheep but the sheep fight among themselves. Differences on the ground of dogmas and doctrines exist only in the sphere of the mind. Although they have no outward, tangible existence yet they are the cause of so much strangeness, alienation and envy. If the variety of colors which is real, does not prevent the doves from associating with each other, why should mankind prevent themselves from each other's association simply on the ground of dogmatic views, and antagonistic opinions which have no outward forms and shapes.

These facts are as simple and plain as the rays of the sun, and still when a soul is inclined to be a little intolerant, he brushes aside all these creational truths and clings to narrow ideas of religious privileges and party spirit.

A Bahai, therefore, must not be only tolerant but appreciative to the extent that he may extend the hand of genuine fellowship to an intolerant man. Broad toleration, universal

toleration, all-embracing toleration, is the principal foundation of the Bahai Cause.

As the Blessed Beauty says in the Hidden Words, "The Doors of the Placeless are open," let us realize the Doors of the Placeless, or in other words the Kingdom of God are not open only for a few, but they are opened for all mankind.

Into the Bahai fold all are welcomed, and none are excluded.

In the Life and teachings of Baha'Ullah, we have a complete example of universal association. The Bahais must learn from Him, the practical lessons of tolerance and broad mindedness, and try their utmost to learn from His Words and Deeds, the principles of spiritual fellowship. If they walk in His footsteps, they will become as adornments to the temple of the Cause and make for themselves broader and broader fields of service and usefulness.

With a little thoughtlessness on our part, we may commit the mistake of the fore-fathers and drag the pristine Beauty and comeliness of the Bahai Cause through the quagmire of an intolerant sect, or thrown into the dark cell of a bigoted, unreasonable, blind community.

The fire of intolerance burns the Face of Religion; the iron of intolerance stigmatizes the fair white limbs of love; the waves of intolerance wash away the banks of impartiality; the spirit of intolerance blinds the eyes of Truth; the attitude of intolerance thunders forth Popish bulls of excommunication against God-fearing innocent men and women, and the fierce hot winds of intolerance blacken the green prairies and the verdant trees of Reality.

True religion binds together the members of a community, but if it does separate them, if it discards amity and love as the basis of human relation, if it creates difference and brings ill-feeling—then it is not religion; it is better to be irreligious and throw away the dogmas that bring shame upon the Glorious Head of Religion.

Religion is Light, intolerance is darkness.

Religion is Life, intolerance is death.

Religion is Truth, intolerance is falsehood.

The Hobo

In every land beneath the sun
You meet him on the street,
A lean and hungry creature
With swollen, weary feet.

He'll split his last crust with you,
He'll rise to heights untold,
Yet, on the auction-block of life
This son of God is sold.

Once he was but a baby
Rocked on his mother's knees;
Now, on a park-bench hard and cold
His very heart does freeze.

Oh, world, scorn not the hobo;
If laws were fair and square,
The hoboe's name would not spell shame,
To mock him, none would dare.

EDWARD J. IRVINE.

Bahai Message

I come with the message of freedom
Higher than the spires in the sky.
A message of freedom so woven
It catches at chains to embolden
Those that are weary with sighs.
I come with the message so olden
Yet, live with alluring eye
That it catches the eyes spying
To behold Truth standing by
In robes of peace so woven
That the presence soothes all sighs
For now—it has been proven
The Glory of God is golden.

HELEN O. KISSAM.

Desire

O thou fair and elusive thing desire
 Why is it that of thee I must not tire?
 For when the Supreme works through me for a thing
 It leads me to where it will bring
 A thousand flashes yet unseen,
 But soon to be a light to free
 My soul in joy unfolding to me.
 Then this spark of light will glow so bright
 I'll feel the power of God's love
 That set me right.

H. O. K.

Abdul Baha's Message

I come to bring the glorious news
 Of that great soul, whom I adore;
 Whose message drives away the blues
 From human hearts and forbids war.
 Long prisoned in a gloomy cell,
 Threatened with death for his vast creed,
 Abdul Baha (whom God knows well)
 Stayed steadfast both by word and deed.
 Ah! He is old! His heart is sad
 For us; whom he must leave ere long.
 Then let us make his spirit glad
 By being Bahai's true and strong.
 Where'er his presence once has been,
 Peace comes and builds a house of love!
 His voice is like a lute serene;
 His eyes sweet as a turtle dove.
 Oh! let us, in his name, decree
 That hate and vengeance cannot be,
 And we, in brotherhood, shall see
 The essence of divinity.

—EDWARD J. IRVINE.

More Than a Dream

James F. Morton, Jr.

Weariness of the world had carried me to a far country, to sojourn apart from the weaknesses and wickedness of men. In the paltriness of the life around me, there seemed little food for the soul. Perhaps in solitude, far from petty distractions, I should be able to hear the Divine voice, and to receive a message which should give a larger meaning to life, and guide me to a nobler range of activities.

Dwelling in my cell, like one of the hermits of old, I had a single companion. This occupant of a neighboring cell was in every sense a kindred spirit, and had been led thither by an impulse identical with my own. For many years, we had dwelt thus side by side, spending most of our time in prayer and devout meditation, and speaking to each other of little else than our hope for a new revelation. The plain around our cells was a beautiful sward, ever covered with rich verdure and beautiful flowers; and animals of every kind roamed peacefully about us. The climate was semi-tropical; and our material wants gave us little care.

It was on a lovely day, when nature smiled her brightest, that the revelation suddenly came to both of us at the same moment. We knew with a certainty beyond human knowledge that the answer to our numberless petitions had at last been given. In the midst of the silence of the soul burst like a flood of illumination the message that a new manifestation of the Divine spirit was about to be given to mankind, and that we were to be the first on whom its radiance should shine. Strange to say, it was made clear that the Divine appearance was to be expressed, not in a human temple, but in one of the forms of life which we are accustomed to class as lower. Extraordinary as this assurance was, we never thought of doubting it, well realizing that the Divine ways are not as our ways. Somehow, we recognized, one of the noble animal forms had been chosen to give to man an example of fineness and holiness, which should arouse the world to a higher life. Looking about us, we espied

an elephant that had strayed into our neighborhood; and instantly it occurred to us that here must be the chosen instrument. With this thought, we approached the beast, but were disappointed as it turned indifferently away, and wandered beyond our sight. Surely, we had supposed, this most intelligent of the subhuman animal kingdom was worthiest of being chosen. But no; we must look elsewhere. At this moment, we perceived a beautiful sheep quietly pasturing; and many a text of holy writ flashed into our minds. Must not God have chosen this emblem of purity, already a declared symbol of the Christ, to renew the Divine promises? With our imaginations thus stimulated, we moved toward the creature. What was, then, our astonishment, when it shook its head in apparent irritation, and charged violently upon us, butting us to the right and to the left, and then speedily rushing beyond our vision.

Perplexed and discouraged, we threw ourselves on the ground, and awaited a clearer token. For some moments, all was still. Nothing unusual was anywhere visible. The only moving object was a common butterfly, which alighted on a nearby flower, and on which our eyes fell listlessly. Suddenly, however, we perceived a striking change. As we gazed upon the butterfly, its hues began to grow more brilliant. In a second, our awe stricken gaze beheld it illumined with a brilliance such as never before had mortal eye observed. All the colors of the most gorgeous sunset and richer shades utterly unknown were concentrated within it. Our eyes could hardly bear the intense light and radiant splendor. And even while we gazed, there shot into our souls a spiritual realization beyond the power of words to describe. The whole universe seemed illumined with a radiance corresponding to the outward vision before our dazzled eyes. Quickly came another change. The butterfly disappeared from view; and the splendor was transferred in an even intensified degree to the flower on which it had rested. For a moment, we gazed on the marvelous blossom; and then the vision spread with lightning rapidity to all the common flowers that covered the meadow; and we lay in the midst of a blaze of inexpressible glory, in which our mortal beings seemed to melt and become as nothing. Suddenly my soul became penetrated with a new realization; and I fairly shouted: "I see it

now! It is our souls that the Divine radiance is seeking to reach. When we see with the eye of true faith, we shall behold all the common things of life illumined by the spirit, which is working its infinite will by the very means that have seemed to us so poor and unworthy. Could we know the whole Divine plan, we should be aware of the necessity of every element in the world around us. Come, let us go back to men, and tell them what we have seen, and henceforth be content to work wherever our lot is cast."

As I spoke, immediately the whole scene disappeared; and I found myself in the midst of the crowded city, observing some of the most ordinary occupations of life. But now these appeared to me illumined by the lesson which I had learned. The outer glory of the butterfly and the flowers was missing; but an inner glory cast its glow around these common place duties. As I prepared to take my own share in the work going on, a cloud passed before my eyes; and I found myself awake in my own home; for behold, I had dreamed. Yet the glow of the Divine lesson had not passed from my heart; and as I meditated on its significance, a Voice in my soul said: "Write what thou hast seen and learned, that perchance it may avail to remind some other doubting or saddened one that the glory is at all times in the world which God has made and in the daily task which he has assigned." And I arose in obedience to the Voice, and have declared the vision.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

Is Gratification of Perverted Appetites Commensurate With Spirituality and Devine Love?

By Charles G. Pease, M. D., D. D. S.

Are we honest enough with ourselves, with the human race and with God, to make an unbiased examination and study of this vital question and subject?

Many may find that their real attitude toward God and humanity has been put to the test if they make an honest and exhaustive examination of this subject. Honest and exhaustive? Can we examine any subject that affects humanity and consequently our attitude toward God, in any other way?

Perverted ("depraved") appetites are departures from normalcy: They have been established through practicing, by influence of example, that which is harmful. An act, a habit or custom which is not harmful is not "depraved." An act constitutes perversion only because it is harmful.

Love never harms. If that be true, and if we are helping to keep alive any custom that is harmful to the human race, are we expressing love to the human race?

We love the human race as much as we love God. No more! We love God as much as we love the human race—Not a whit more. This being true, what is our status toward the human race and toward God, if we as examples or progenitors, are practicing that which is harmful?

Let us examine some of the customs established through ignorance and a quest in the wrong direction for so called soothing and so called stimulation by the use of drugs.

The term "soothing" is a misnomer. The drug (nicotine is the most poisonous alkaloid) does not soothe, it dulls, it narcotizes through its poisonous and harmful action upon the nerve centres. No tissue of the body escapes the harm.

The term "stimulation" is equally as fallacious as the term "soothing." The sensation called "stimulation" is the evidence of the harmfulness of the drug. It is the vital force rising up in an effort to throw off the drug, for the protection of the physical organism; but the organism sustains injury by the daily use of the drug, in both cases.

Most persons do not know that tea, coffee, cocoa and chocolate are all on the official drug list—listed with all other drugs. They all contain caffeine, known as theine in tea and theobromine in cocoa and chocolate. Chocolate is cocoa with sugar and flavoring matter added. Tea also contains tannin which dries up the tissues as seen in the shriveled up faces of old tea drinkers; it also contains phosphoric acid. Coffee contains other substances besides caffeine. Full information may be had by consulting the National Dispensary or the United States Dispensary, obtainable at all large libraries, where additional literature on this subject may also be obtained.

Coffee has a similar effect upon one as does small doses of opium, which characterizes the insomnia. Scientific experi-

ments prove that coffee does not aid digestion. It retards digestion.

Tea produces a nervous wakefulness and often causes irritability. Gastralgia and other neuralgic affections are more frequent among tea drinkers.

Tobacco was abandoned as a remedy because so many deaths resulted from its use, even when applied externally, that it was considered to be too dangerous to be used medicinally.

Upon consulting either of the Dispensatories and reading the section on opium and the section on tobacco, one will readily discover that tobacco is many times more deadly than opium—not as inebriating as opium or alcoholic liquors, but far more poisonous than either, affecting the protoplasm of the tissue cells as deeply as does syphilis.

All of the drugs named above cause an atheromatous change in the walls of the arteries, by reason of the presence of nicotine or caffeine. This degeneracy admits of the rupture of the arterial capillaries in the brain—apoplexy—paralysis. They cause sclerosis of the liver, degeneracy of the kidneys and injuriously affect every tissue, fluid and organ of the body. The caffeine of commerce is made from the tea sweepings as it is made more cheaply from tea.

Need we be surprised that the Health Department of the City of New York reports almost one hundred percent of defectives among the children of this city? No breeder of cattle or of any other animals would allow his animals to have any of these drugs. There is regard for animals as there is a money interest in breeding good stock, but there seems to be no regard for the human race. The selfish (selfishness is the foundation of wars, and all else that is wrong) criminal indulgence of perverted appetites appears to be of supreme importance, if we take cognizance of the evidence.

The evidence of the degeneracy produced by the use of these drugs is readily discernible in the impairment or loss of the delicate bluish white translucency of the tissue of the eyes; a degree of opacity having obtained.

It is impossible to recognize a counterfeit coin unless one has present or in mind a genuine coin to compare it with. It is equally impossible to recognize degenerate tissue unless one is

acquainted with the appearance of normal tissue, but normal tissue is exceedingly difficult to find today.

Discover a person who has never used any of these drugs and you will have the supreme joy of gazing into eyes from which the very light of the soul is shining through the translucent tissue. Then, look into the eyes of those who use any of these drugs and you will find degeneracy, all the way from a china appearance to a yellowish thickening of the tissue, or with a corresponding reduction or absence of the light that is seen in the eyes of those who are free from the use of the said drugs.

The tobacco smoker is guilty of an added offense, in that he poisons the atmosphere others have to breathe. Tobacco smoke contains, besides poisonous gases, about eighty percent of the nicotine in the leaf, which is volatilized as the leaf burns and may readily be obtained by blowing the smoke through a glass tube or straw, the other end of which is submerged in water. The deadly oil will float on the surface of the water. Or the smoke may be blown against a piece of paper held just above the lips until half of a cigar is consumed or the contents of a pipe or cigarette is burned, then scrape the stain from the paper. If a small part of this stain should be placed on the tongue of a cat, death would ensue in a few minutes. One may thus arrive at some idea of the amount of this deadly oil which collects upon the tissues of the cavity of the mouth, in which all of the smoke has been contained before blowing it against the paper, remembering that only a portion of the smoke comes in contact with the paper.

Some years ago an investigator formulated the following statement: "Coffee burns up the body, tea dries up the body, chocolate and cocoa rot the body."

There are some of the vegetable fats in cocoa and consequently in chocolate, but that is no reason why cocoa and chocolate should be used when we obtain all the vegetable fats we need in other vegetable foods that are not drugs.

You will not find beans, peas, oats, wheat, corn, etc., on the drug list.

The race has become so prone to drug addiction that even the natural food is drugged when prepared or served—pepper,

mustard, vinegar (acetic fermentation of alcoholic liquors), etc. are drugs.

Why turn to drugs? Shall we say that this turning away from the normal to the abnormal is one of the evidences of the degeneracy which these drugs help to produce and maintain?

It has been said in the past that there was more chronic invalidism among women, due to tea drinking than to any other cause. Now we read in the New York Herald of October 12, 1921, in a Special Cable from its London Bureau, in part as follows: "The number of women who are refused life insurance policies on account of the fact that they have what is called a 'smoker's heart' is startling, says an official of the British Mercantile Insurance Company."

Davis says that tobacco has a specially deleterious effect upon the heart, not infrequently causing sudden death by heart paralysis.

Dr. Abbe, senior surgeon at St. Luke's Hospital, in a paper published in the Medical Journal of July 5, 1915, said: "After a careful study of one hundred cases of cancer, ninety men and ten women, I find that tobacco causes cancer."

Dr. Herbert H. Tidswell, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, London, etc., writes: "It is dangerous for a pregnant woman to be in a room where a person is smoking or has been recently smoking."

The rapid increase in the number of children with weak heart has caused the authorities to establish clinics in public schools. Many children are born with tobacco heart, yet the Health Department is puzzled over the situation. Tobacco smokers and those who defend the addiction will seldom consider tobacco as a cause or factor in any physical malady.

What shall we say of liquor?

It was never meant that the beautiful juice of the fruit should be put aside to wait for destructive processes to take place in it, before using it. Neither was it meant that grain should be subject to destructive processes for the production of alcoholic beverages. The awful amount of crime and heartache in the wake of intoxicating liquors should make one ashamed to pose as an antagonist of prohibition. All right minded persons should labor for the abolition of all harmful customs for the

redemption of the present generation and to save posterity from the blight of poisoned progenitors.

Some people say of their addiction: "I use only a little. Too small an amount to do any harm." To this I reply: "The physical organism is very sensitive to all influences—to thought, to drug action in its deterioration of the tissues when the drug is used day after day, no matter how small an amount is used. It does not require a ton weight of water to affect a stone, it only requires drop, drop, drop.

Let addicts fail to secure their accustomed supply of the drug and see what will become manifested—they are minus normalcy (that they have sacrificed on the altar of degeneracy) and, lacking the false stimulant or false sedative the symptoms of the harm done the organism become apparent, and, to again mask the degenerate symptoms they demand the continued supply of the drug.

Some people say to me: "I use these things but I don't give them power." To this fallacious statement on the part of the self-deceived, I reply: "You don't give them power? Then why the tissue change in your eyes? The loss of the translucency of the tissue of your eyes contradicts your speech. Paul cast the serpent from him, he did not ally himself to the virus, he had nothing in common with it."

The use of these drugs would seem to be a confession of ignorance of the true source of peace (Isa. 26, 3) and the true source of the "quickenings" of the physical body of refreshment and the renewal of health and strength (Rom. 8, 88: John 4, 24: Luke 12, 31). Would one who is in relationship with and is experiencing the joy and the benefits of the real turn to the counterfeit, which harms?

The eating of flesh is wrong from the standpoint of the physical, mental, and moral—There stands out the command: "Thou Shalt Not Kill."

In flesh, the pabulum in the arteries and arterial capillaries is nutritious but from whence was it obtained? It was obtained from the vegetable kingdom. Why cannot we have our own pabulum, in all its purity, obtained from the same vegetable kingdom?

Those who eat flesh, not only receive into their physical economy the contents of the arteries but also the contents of

the veins and venous capillaries which include the broken down tissue, the effete matter known as uric acid, which was on its way to the kidneys to have been eliminated from the blood before the blood should pass into the arteries again in the course of its circulation through the body. This effete matter has no business in the arteries to be carried to the tissue cells as material for the building of new tissue as its presence deteriorates the quality of the tissue, it came, as effete matter, from the cells of the animal—the same organism as the human organism.

The non-flesh eating animals are the only animals that have endurance. The flesh eating animals have momentary strength and fierceness, but no endurance.

Mr. Edward Peyson Weston walked across the continent, from ocean to ocean, when he was nearly seventy-five years of age; making sixty miles some days. Not only that but he walked back again. Mr. Weston therein demonstrated the endurance of vegetarians.

Mrs. Beach walked from New York City to Chicago for the Evening Globe. Her menu was published each day. It did not include flesh.

Children who have flesh included in their diet are inferior in disposition, appearance of skin and lustre of the eyes in contrast to those who receive no flesh or flesh extracts.

It has been said that those who "slaughter" the animals are brutalized by their avocation. The English law prohibited such from serving on the jury in capital cases, and the Catholic Church prohibits the sons of those so employed, from becoming priests. Jessie Pomeroy, the son of one so employed, stated from his cell, that this influence upon him was responsible for his desire to kill his fellow man.

Three questions present themselves—an honest mind will consider them, a dishonest mind will not—First question: Would a right thing brutalize any one? Second question: Has any one the right to call—directly or indirectly—any brother man into an avocation that will brutalize him? If one does, will that one's hands be clean?

The reader is asked not to leave this subject without re-reading the first and second paragraphs of this article, as the vital question of one's responsibility to the human race is involved.

My Soul

By Gloria Baker

Dost know me—Soul of Mine
From whence I came
To whence I go
Or if the journey is long?

Dost know me—Soul of Mine
If I am man
If I am God
And if I live in earth or sky?

Dost know me—Soul of Mine
Born in the dark
Born in the light
And if the path is clear?

Dost know me—Soul of Mine
If life is here
If life goes on
And when—and how—and where?

Dost know me—Soul of Mine
Are you from earth
Are you from heaven
When are we one and when we part?

Dost know me—Soul of Mine
In eons past
In cycles yet to come
If with a sceptre or a crown to wear?

Dost know me—Soul of Mine
If Thou art God
Then are we one
And if earth leads to the eternal sun?

Dost know me—Soul of Mine
If God is All in All

Then who am I
And why am I here at all?
I know Thee—Soul of mine
God is the Sun
I am the ray
And Thou between the two unites us one and all.

A Friend

By Gloria Baker

O Friend, Thou art a solace pure
From the crystal pool of love
Thou art so fair
Thou art so rare
I know Thou art sent me from above.

O Friend, Thou art a comfort clear
From midnight until morn
Thou art so near
Thou art so dear
I know Thou art Heaven born

O Friend, Thou art a thought of God
From Heaven sent to earth
Thou art so white
Thou art so bright
I know Thou art a gift Divine.

O Friend, Thou art a ray of light
Sent from the great heart sun
Thou art so pure
Thou art my lure
To seek—and know—and be.

(This friend is divine presence.)

Time Solves Mysteries

Like gorgeous pearls in ugly oyster shells,
Great truths are found in unexpected places;
And many mysteries of eternity
Are told by time as on and on it races.
Edward J Ervine (From Washington Herald.)

Leaders

The Universe is like unto a huge tree. It is a living organism. Its various branches are the different worlds, or parts of itself. The branch that holds our world or earth in true being and right living is known as Abdul Baha. From that branch only can grow the leaves we are—or are to be, perhaps. He is, therefore, our only Leader. How could it be otherwise?

Now each leaf or group of leaves has a stem. Is it not possible that each stem may represent a person around whom a group gathers for all the service that is necessary?

Is it not beautiful to think about the Bahai ideal as a living organism—a part of the Universal organism—so constituted?

Then let there be as many groups as you please, each gathered graciously together by some forward going, honest and sincere person with the love of God in his heart, and the spirit of service within him for all humanity. Let these groups investigate, meditate on great truths, develop virtues and beauties of character, and do brotherly acts of kindness, one to another, and to all. Thus will be made beautiful leaves and beautiful clusters of them; and the branch of this world, with its leaves, shall grace and adorn all the life of this world whether in family or state or religion.

Holding generous communion with all other groups; doing generous, kindly deeds to and for all other groups; feeling friendliness for all other groups; and thinking peace and good will towards all—thus shall each group contribute of its loveliness and beauty in this Eternal Organism, known here and now as the Bahai Cause.

This is the only way.



A Notable Event

On Sunday morning, November 22, in New York City, occurred a notable event in the history of the Bahai Cause,—the appearance of Mr. John Herman Randall in the pulpit of the Community Church to give an address on "Abdul Baha, the Prophet of a Universal Religion."

From the opening statement in the first prayer, "We are gathered here for the good of our souls," to the concluding lines of the benediction, all was harmonious, interesting and instructive.

Mr. Randall opened the service with the following reading from the seventeenth chapter of the Book of Acts:

"—And Paul stood in the midst of the Aeropagus and said, 'Ye men of Athens, in all things I perceive that ye are very religious. For as I passed along and observed the objects of your worship, I found also an altar with the inscription, To an Unknown God. What therefore ye worship in ignorance, that I set forth unto you. The God that made the world and all things therein, He, being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is He served by men's hands, as though He needed anything, seeing He, Himself, giveth to all life and breath and all things; and He made of one every nation to dwell on all the face of the earth, having determined their appointed seasons, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He is not far from any of us; for in Him we move and live and have our being, as certain even of your own poets have said."

Following the anthem a second reading was given, this from a talk by Abdul Baha while in Paris, in 1911. This reading follows:

"All the Divine prophets are the manifestations of Truth. His Highness, Moses, declared the Truth. His Highness, the Christ, spread the Truth. His Highness, Mohammed, established the Truth. All the elect of God proclaimed the Truth. All the sanctified souls who have stepped into the arena of existence have been the lamps of Truth.

Truth is the oneness of the Kingdom of Humanity. Truth is love among the children of men. Truth is the proclamation of Justice. Truth is Divine Guidance. Truth is the virtues and perfections of the human world. Truth is equality before all the people of all countries. Truth is the illumination of the realm of man.

All the prophets of God have been heralds of Truth. All have been united and agreed on this principle. Every prophet predicted the coming of a successor and every successor acknowledged the Truth of the predecessor. His Highness, Christ, foretold the appearance of Mohammed, and Mohammed accepted the Christ and Moses. When all these Divine prophets were united with one another, why should we disagree? We are the followers of these holy souls. In the same manner that the prophets loved one another, we should follow their example, for we are all the servants of God and the bounties of the Almighty are encircling everyone. God is in peace with all His children. Why should we be engaged in war? God is kind to everyone. Why should we oppress one another? The foundation of Divine Religion is Love, Affinity and Concord. Praise God that this cycle is the period of illumination. Minds have made great progress, intelligences have been unfolded; the means of unity and agreement are brought about; communication between the races of men is rapidly established. Now is the time that all may embrace the law of peace and treat one another with honesty and straightforwardness. Let the religious prejudices be wiped away. Let the law of racial supremacy be discontinued. Let political expediences be done away with. Let the love of country be superseded by the love of the world. Let us all deal with one another with infinite kindness. We are all the servants of the one Divine Threshold. We are receiving the Rays of Truth from the Sun of Reality. We must all believe in all the prophets. We must all acknowledge the Divine Authority of all the heavenly Books. We must wash our hearts free of all human prejudices. We must serve God. We must propagate the oneness of the realm of humanity. We must be the cause of the appearance of the perfections in the world of man. We must not be like the beasts of prey. We must not allow carnage and bloodshed. We must regard the blood of man as sacred. We must all agree

upon one fundamental principle. That principle is the ONENESS of the HUMAN KINGDOM!"

Mr. Randall's talk was simple and direct; it was also full of information to those not informed upon the subject and showed careful research.

First, he related the story of this Universal Movement; the rise of the Bab (Ali Mohammed) in 1844, the promulgation of His Message the coming of "Him Whom God Would Manifest," and His persecution and martyrdom six years later; the appearance of Baha'u'llah (The Glory of God) at the appointed time, fulfilling prophecies in all the holy books, His persecution, banishment from prison to prison with many of His followers, and His arrival at the penal colony of Acca in Syria; then Abdul Baha as the Leader of the Movement after the Ascension of Baha'u'llah in 1892, His freedom from imprisonment when the Young Turks came into power in 1908, and His visit to America in 1912, at which time He spoke in Mr. Randall's church, this being one of the many places which He glorified with His Presence while in America.

Mention was made of the great number of martyrdoms to the Cause of God during the early years of Its appearance in Persia. Over thirty thousand men, women and children gave their lives for this Truth.

He described the prison life of Baha'u'llah in Acca, that unhealthy, fever-ridden place on the edge of the world from which even the intrepid Napoleon turned back. Here for over two years one hundred and thirty-five of His followers were confined in two rooms. At one time Baha'u'llah was chained in a dungeon, and from here He sent to the crowned heads of the world His Tablets, calling upon those in authority to arise and recognize their Lord, the Merciful, the Clement. Copies of these tablets are preserved in the archives of the British Museum.

The twelve Basic Bahai Principles were read and comment offered upon each one. These, Mr. Randall said, "constitute Abdul Baha's social program." They are as follows:

1. The oneness of mankind.
2. Independent investigation of truth.
3. The foundation of all religions is one.
4. Religion must be the cause of unity.

5. Religion must be in accord with science and reason.
6. Equality between men and women.
7. Prejudice of all kinds must be forgotten.
8. Universal peace.
9. Universal education.
10. Solution of the economic problem.
11. An international auxiliary language.
12. An international tribunal.

Although the speaker called these principles the "Social program" of the Center of the Covenant of God, Abdul Baha, he did not neglect to state that they were enunciated by Baha'u'llah over seventy years ago, long before the Federal Council of the Church of Christ thought of such a program. "And," he added, "the interpretation of these ideals can only be found through the independent investigation of Reality." We must divest our minds of superstitious beliefs, the relics of our forefathers. Man must study Reality for himself regardless of past teaching. Bahaism teaches this. Unless we abandon prejudice the destruction of society is inevitable. From the time of Christ the tendency has been for men to divide into sects; class consciousness has arisen, and this differentiation has become so menacing that only the establishment of the new cycle, with its principle of Oneness can save the world.

Mr. Randall made it very clear that Abdul Baha is the Interpreter of the Word, and that the Word is all-inclusive. It is his hope that this movement may be kept free from creed or sect, that it may go on, permeating all things until we turn away from our slavish dreams and dedicate our lives to this "great social program." If all were pledged to these principles it would not be long until signs of Unity would appear.

In conclusion the speaker read these words of Baha'u'llah:

"We desire but the good of the world and the happiness of the nations; yet they deem us a stirrer up of strife and sedition worthy of banishment. That all nations should become one in faith and all men a brother; that the bands of affection and unity between the sons of men should be strengthened; that diversity of religion should cease and differences be annulled. What harm is there in this? Yet so it shall be. These fruitless strifes, these ruinous wars, shall pass away, and the MOST

GREAT PEACE shall come. Is not this that which Christ foretold? Yet do we see your kings and rulers lavishing their treasures more freely on means for the destruction of the human race than on that which would conduce to the happiness of mankind. These strifes and this bloodshed and discord must cease, and all men be as one kindred and one family.

"Let not a man glory in this, that he loves his country; let him rather glory in this, that he loves his kind"

The Drama

By Frances Eveline Willcox.

In this era of arguments, conferences and investigations, the theatre and the drama come in for a generous share of attention. Never in the history of the stage have there been so many sides and angles to figure from. All established rules and regulations have been upset until it has become impossible to continue along the well trodden highway of the past, or even make new pathways that do not end in a blind alley. Fortunes have been lost in unsuccessful ventures this season, new producers have risen and gone down to defeat, stars have failed to scintillate and strange and hitherto unheard of dramatists who have had the courage to inveigle managers to give them a chance did not make good. Pessimists and optimists have aired their opinions and given advice but all to no purpose. This is not a theatrical year. The rare occasion when a play survived but a week or so is a common occurrence now, and theatre owners are at sea what to do to prevent paying rent for empty houses. If it is permissible to add still another suggestion, is it not possible that the public has advanced faster than the manager and makes a demand for material of a higher intellectuality, a keener wit, and a more practicable development, than some of the nonsensical, inconsistent offerings that have been set before theatre patrons during the past few months.

There are those who do not care for the theatre under any circumstances and feel it their duty to decry its influence, on the men and woman who belong to the profession, and on the public, but, as in other walks of life, they foster individual

opinions and never try to see the "other fellow's" point of view. For the theatre has been an important factor in putting forward propaganda, truth and problems even though the results have been varied and not always unanimous.

Now a clergyman comes forth with a publicly expressed desire to discuss the theatre with one of our leading managers. Debates, to be sure, are enlightening and from early school days a feature of one's curriculum, conducted within the walls of the college, by students of the particular topic selected, but just why a clergyman and a manager should attempt a discussion of the theatre seems a one-sided affair. There is little doubt that the manager would win, for the reason that he knows his subject while the minister of the gospel, unless he be graduated from the stage to the pulpit cannot know, except from an outsider's standpoint. Observation goes far in the pursuit of knowledge, but it is actual experience that puts the finishing touches to that knowledge. It is more than likely that this particular manager who has made and managed numberless successful productions and popular players would never intrude his opinions on church matters or try to argue down a clergyman in his own field.

Other self-opinionated people who find no pleasure in the theatre endeavor to lay all sorts of misdemeanors to the influence of the drama; the present "crime wave," the unsettled mental and financial conditions of the country, an unpleasant epidemic and other imaginary calamities. Mr. George Arliss, however, who has had a long and pleasant engagement at the Booth Theatre, in "The Green Goddess" being a man who thinks along human lines seems to have applied some sound common sense in speaking of the possibility that crook plays have a bad effect and help along the crime increase:

"The majority of playgoers are just normal. People go to the theatre to be amused, entertained and taken out of themselves, not to learn to commit a crime. The crook play, has, I should say, about as much influence on any crime wave in the city as the wearing of a red wig would have on the color of an actor's own hair. It is but one of the stage's means of taking the public out of its own humdrum life, spicing it with the unknown and the imagined."

Versatility is not confined to the actor, Mr. George M. Cohan although once only an actor, who can now sign himself actor-playwright-manager has been doing protean tricks within record time. He resigned from active management, gave up all ideas of producing and retired to private domesticity; then came the announcement that he would transfer his talents to the European market and now he is back on Broadway with a list of promised productions and revivals that would tax the most energetic.

When the Capitol Theatre opened Mr. S. L. Rothafel announced his intention of establishing permanent grand opera at that house in conjunction with the pictures and made elaborate arrangements to carry out his idea, but shortly after the new picture house was under way this program was abandoned. Now Andreas Dippel voices his opinion that it can be done. His plan is to apply a systematic method similar to that maintained in vaudeville with a continuous change of bill and presenting headliners at every performance. It has been established that the introduction of first-class orchestras in the motion picture houses has found sincere appreciation with the patrons and developed a liking for standard highclass music, but whether Mr. Dippel will be able to further educate the picture audiences to prefer grand opera to something lighter remains a problem for the future.

It looked like a difficult undertaking to find a play that would live in popularity for as many years as "Romance" in which Miss Doris Keane scored first in this country, then took the play to London. All during the danger and excitement of the war and the destruction caused by the German bombs it was necessary to abandon evening performances, but Miss Keane continued her uninterrupted engagement with the substitution of matinee appearances—returning to America last year with a revival of the wellworn play. This season however, she has found a new vehicle in "The Czarina" from the Hungarian of Melchior Lengyel and Lajos Bird. Under the guidance of the Charles Frohman Company, Inc., of which Mr. Gilbert Miller is the general manager, and in this new role the outlook is encouraging and those who have seen her latest characterization are of the opinion that the star will have no need for other material for some time to come.

There has been some "drifting" of leading women in the play by that name at the Playhouse. Miss Alice Brady, daughter of the producer, was originally cast for the heroine. She drifted out and Florence Reed drifted in, but stayed only long enough to rehearse the part. Before the public was permitted to see her play it, Miss Reed drifted out and then Helen Menken calmly sailed in whereupon Mr. Brady to prevent his latest acquisition from following in the footsteps of her predecessors, established her name as co-star with Robert Warwick and "Drifting" is now peacefully living up to its title.

With Dante

By Edith Burr.

I sat alone, the dawn came creeping near;
Long had I watched the new day rising clear
In the far heavens—forgot the world of strife—
With quickening veins, I sensed the truth of life
'Neath olive trees, as sweet air sang to me.
Ah, there amid the fields of Tuscany
Called Italy! 'Twas but a whispered word
Yet I, attuned to her desire, had heard;
Shaped to her need I offered my poor clay,
Quick donned my fleetest sandals, was away
Inspired as knights of old to do my part,
Carry the crimson flower of her heart
To Paradise, of that exalted one,
Adored of Italy—her godlike son.

Upward I traveled. Fell a wondrous light,
A silver flame down-reaching through the night.
How my heart panted with an unknown bliss,
When on my lips I felt the sudden kiss
Of every noble impulse of my soul—
As onward fleeing to that visioned goal
Unveiled upon the heights, through shadowy sweep
Of purple clouds I ran with eager feet.

Sometimes I plunged into a silence vast;
Sometimes I trembled from the thunders' blast;
And yet remembering—by love alone
Made worthy—onward pressed to that far home
Of Dante; nor paused, by wings of faith upheld
Yet higher rose; by ecstasy compelled,
Unwearied soared, to that immortal one.
Ah, beautiful, the way I trod upon!

Yet once I drowsed, dropped pale with Morpheus spell;
Ensnared by poisonous blossoms, low I fell;
Fiercely I fought, nor hearkened to the sound
Of deafening winds; on quest of valour bound
Strove farther, till ere long returned the light
To guide, and powers divine unsealed my sight.
In agony I ran from that drear way
Through woodland damp, a conqueror in the fray;
Freed from the prisoned gloom I seemed to rise
Beyond the veil of murk to sunlit skies.
Before me, the white road by hope made fair;
I breathed the wholesome scents that filled the air;
My feet soft pressed amid the Elysian green,
I came to the high temple of my dream,
Stood silent—soundless was that tranquil place—
With straining sight, I looked in Dante's face!

"O Dante, cleansed by fire on earth's low plain,
I dare, O poet, speak thine honored name;
Though I have faltered, I have guarded well
The flower of Italy's love!" Then quickly fell,
The music of a harp—and gone was care;
The urge of life was palpitating there.

"Italy, I placed thy love-flower on his breast!
Adieu!" I whispered, "finished is my quest!"

Ere my retreat, he drew me to his side;
Slowly we walked; it was my hour of pride.
All-sudden he pointed—weary was his face;
All-sudden below, I saw that riven place—

Alas, alas, the world in mortal strife,
Men breathing venom, hate upon all life!

"O Dante, will truth perish on earth?" I moaned.
"Will justice, hope and beauty die?" I groaned.

"Men shorn of wings hear not the singing leaves,
Nor speak with the Beloved, 'mid the trees."

Then silence fell between; fair hope seemed dead;
My heart reached out, alas, uncomfited.
When lo! I saw a beauteous star appear;
Far in the east it rose, so bright and clear;
A sight divine—across the world there lay
A silver sheen, as on that other day
When shepherds gazed, eyes filled with troublous fear.
The dragon hatred bared his teeth, crawled near
That glow sublime, his poisonous fangs released,
Eager to make of life a gluttonous feast.
Came devils! noble impulse I saw crushed.
Came demons! forward through red blood they rushed.
Then through black warring clouds there came a flash,
And hate lay dying 'mid cries of mad despair
And frenzied rage that smoked upon the air.
Clinging to Dante's hand on that high goal
Despondingly I gazed into his soul.

"Fear not!" he said, "behold a quivering life!
A babe was born amid that woe and strife;
Go, bid my Italy nurse him as he lies
Upon the tangled green, with wondering eyes;
Bid Italy hold him close, that little child
Left lonely on the earth, thus strangely isled
Upon a sea of gore, for I, above,
Heard the Beloved call that infant, 'Love.'
A new spring-time hath dawned—bid Italy know!"
Tears filled mine eyes, as Dante bade me go.
Once more I sought the fields of Tuscany.

As, sweetly blow the winds of memory!
Afar, my soul with Dante oft will tread
That beauteous path, of flowering glory spread.

THE CURRENT ART

The Winter exhibits up to Christmas time have not been so full of interest as happens sometimes during this season. The winter exhibit of the National Academy of Design contained excellent things, but not remarkable for independence or richness in idea. It left one with the feeling that American artists were technically as perfect as one could desire, but were not having much to say, were not living very vivid lives.

The exception to this is found occasionally in the work of the men and women living out in Taos.

So the Taos Plasterer by Blumenschein gave a note of freshness, and his Superstition, which was awarded the Altman prize, was a curious and not very intelligible illustration of the subject. There was much admirable still life painting, among which The Tang Jar, by Dorothy Ochtman, was fortunate in drawing the Shaw prize, but one grows rather weary of arrangements with jars, fruits or fish, and longs for something spiritual, revolutionary, or strange which has given the artist such a thrill that he was forced to paint it. Imagine the excitement and ecstasy of seeing a canvas like Gericault's Raft of the Medusa in a winter exhibit, and surely, in times like the present, if the artist were vividly alive to the vibrations of his day, every canvas would be a Raft of the Medusa. Instead of which we have Curran's Priscilla Robineau as Pandora.

There were a number of interesting things in the sculpture section, among them Snowflake, by Carol Brooks, and the remarkable head of his father by Marco Zim. There was also considerable charm and interest among the drawing and etchings.

The combined exhibit of the New York Water Color Club and the American Water Color Society, is a more cheerful memory, for here one found a far more vivid expression and a more marked originality. The artists had something to say and were not thinking merely of how to say it. Here was much beautiful and brilliant color and a frequency of feeling and ideas

that was refreshing. Dorothy Pulis Lathrop created a veritable world of faery with her Three Multa Mulgar pictures. Jane Peterson and Anne Goldthwaite showed vigorous and independent compositions. Jane Peterson's Water Lily Pond was most beautiful. The Fantasie of Katherine Breen with its unsuspected faces was attractive and the exhibit surprised one constantly by the unexpected. W. R. Leigh, one of the Taos men, had a wild little painting called Fedium. Felicie Waldo Howell had a number of charming pieces, among which her Summer Fete attracted by its color life and movement. Eugene Higgins has gone out to the Taos region and found a new and most refreshing treasure trove, so he has dropped his Parisian unfortunates for the time being, and is painting the primitive types of that vividly colored region. Perhaps these are the best things he has ever done. Certainly they are different from the hopeless and somber types of the old world, but painted with an equal vigor and added color feeling. Charles H. Woodbury had a charming series of subjects painted with the freshness of his later habit. Potthast also broke forth into children and waves and shores that were full of interest.

It would be impossible to mention all the unique points in this exhibit. There were many new names, and the prices of the paintings were as a rule so moderate that one was not surprised to find many sales. There was an effort to attract the public by serving tea each afternoon, while a really charming musical program gave added enticement, but the exhibit was sufficient in itself to provide great pleasure.

The Sculpture Department also offered unusual subjects. The Commuters by Ulric Ellerhusen showed a bit of American life which many will appreciate who have survived the rush hour of the trains and subways in New York, and, perhaps years from now, this composition may survive as a vivid illustration of the brutality tolerated in this cruel age. The composition was extremely well visualized and worked out in graphic detail without violating the lines of true beauty.

Returning to the pictures once more, the numbers bearing the name of William Starkweather were most interesting. This admirable artist has long possessed a finished technique, but has been too much absorbed in the re-mere letter of his work,

so that in its perfect finish the spirit has disappeared. In the numbers in the Water Color Exhibit he speaks freely. The White Boat, The Fishing Boat, and The Sketching Party were all charming, and let us hope that he will keep henceforth the vivid touch he has allowed himself to use here.

Among the special exhibits just passed, the one devoted to the work of Abbott H. Thayer at the Milch Gallery held a strong attraction. Thayer has been for many years a striking figure in our American art, and his loss will be deeply felt. He ranked frankly among the Academic men, and never became an experimenter along the lines of post-impressionism and futurism like many others. Yet he did not crystalize and was constantly broadening and strengthening his technique, so that it is interesting to compare the differences in his work from year to year. The exhibit at the Milch Galleries was limited to portraits and portrait studies and all will be interested to know that a far more complete exhibit will be opened at the Metropolitan Museum in March, where one may find the work of this great artist more widely represented.

Among the canvases at the Milch Gallery was a remarkable nude with a beautiful green silk drapery over the lower limbs. It was most interesting both from the point of view of its technical handling and that of sheer beauty. The portrait of a little boy of the Townsend-Bradley family was very attractive, also the portrait of Miss Fuller, which was one of the last canvases touched by the artist's hand.

The small exhibit showed plainly the development in flesh painting and modeling which had appeared in the artists handling in recent years, and also the new color feeling which grew in him.

There is a suggestive psychological query in the fact that Abbott Thayer always remained an agnostic in his mental attitude and yet he was one of our most charming angel painters. Moreover, his fascination for this subject remained with him to the end, and a great canvas not included in the exhibit is perhaps the most beautiful of these angel subjects. It shows a boy of nine over whom hovers a magnificent figure urging him onward. The expression of the child's face indicates that

he is conscious of this mysterious guiding influence which he does not see and he walks on, yielding to its impress.

This "Angel" is quite different from the more conventional creations of an earlier day. The artist worked on it for twenty years and considered it unfinished when he died. It does not seem so to the observer. The powerful figure of the guiding spirit is virile and almost robust and painted with the vigorous modelling and rich color which marked Thayer's later work, and the boy is a charming type of poetic and awakened childhood.

Evidently the voice of his own soul, which knew eternal life, spoke constantly to the artist's mind, urging an expression which found satisfaction in these subjects of inspiration. The curtains are always drawn aside for the creative mind and in the moments of creation he sees truth and expresses it, whatever may be his intellectual convictions. So a great psychological truth is revealed in this last angel subject of Abbott Thayer.

MARY HANFORD FORD.

Purity of Purpose

Virginia Bruce

If we consider that we are to teach others by our lives, and by deeds rather than words, we can come to but one conclusion about our own living—about what must dominate it and be its ruling principle. I purposely do not say ruling passion. For those whose religion must be in accord with science and reason, passion, whole-hearted zeal, is not enough; it is only half the story. Purpose is an attribute not of the feelings alone, but of the mind, the will—the part of us that sees, clear-eyed, and dictates its own destiny. Now it is an unquestioned fact that the desires of many people while under the influence of the emotional element in religion are pure. At such moments the human heart may be swept by waves of ennobling idealism; we see a wonderful vision in the world that we want to be a part of. But the part that we do play in human life is gauged not only by what we feel but by our ability to connect these feelings with our action, with every-day conduct, with our behavior under difficulties, opposition, discouragements—with all the trials incident to our ordinary experience. Does that light that

may shine in so clearly shine out? And if so what does it shine through? Through a glass clear as crystal, a medium clean and unspotted, leaving no blot nor stain on that pure neutral ray of the spirit? Or is it clouded by negligence, darkened by fear, smeared by self-indulgence, stained by sin? Life partly reveals this in our faces, our deeds, and by that quality of our personality by which we communicate our enthusiasms to others. What we love most is what we shall most animate in others. What we draw to us is that which we have made our own by dwelling in thought upon the premises that lead to it—not what we want to dwell on necessarily, but what we have actually made our own and appropriated in that secret creative region of the soul where our inner consciousness selects its food and builds its outer manifestation. From the dark earth the lily combines the elements as needed for its purity; it rejects all grosser forms; some less highly evolved organism may build with them if it will; the lily does not question, deny, nor complain of their existence in the soil in which it is rooted—it takes its own; it exemplifies its meaning; it makes its transcendence a fact—its existence a power.

What nature does for the lily we do for ourselves—yes, we hold the key to that awe-aspiring mystery of selection; in every hour of every day we are using this power to build or to destroy—health, intelligence, love, happiness—by the silent or spoken word.

Each individuality has its distinct type—yet there are no limits set to its advance. We cannot be other than we are—yet we may be born and live anew. The form through which we admit and transmit the light of the spirit may come into the world with us and ever remain ours—yet the extent and the nature of its activity we determine. Light takes many forms of beauty about us. Color pales and glows: Do we create color in the world? Does the stimulating red ray predominate, thrilling new life and warning, the blue of the intellect, cool and clear and dominating like a vista of far away skies, the golden revelation of the yellow, the fresh creative green like April buds unfolding, the twilight blending and harmonizing of the violet? May we perhaps scatter all these colors, as a prism sends rainbows dancing? Or do we concentrate all energies in one burning ray that turns all it touches to flame? Strange

angles of refraction are each an opportunity. Call it what you will—transmission of light, interpretation of intelligence, transmutation of energy—we are sensitive instruments that can know and use the source of our own power. That power rests in the will severed from thought of self, that conscious union of our will and the Divine Will that excludes all mean and ignoble aims. Here is the ruling determining principle that every moment can teach us to discard what soils and stains and mars, if it really is recognized and does rule in our deepest being—if we dwell on it incessantly in our conscious thought—if it is accepted by our reason, vitalized by our love, sustained by our will.

Utterances of the Blessed Perfection, His Holiness, Baha'o'llah.

O Friends; In this day the door of Heaven is opened by the key of the Godly Name, the ocean of generosity is manifested and is rolling before your faces, and the Sun of Providence is shining and gleaming. Do not be exclusive nor destroy your most precious time through the speech of this or that person. Gird up the loins of endeavor and do your best in training the people of the world. Do not imagine that the Cause of God is a Cause of opposition, hatred or wrath. The Sun of Greatness hath said, that which is revealed from the Heaven of Will in this Supreme Manifestation, is to unite the people with love and friendship toward all. The people of Baha, who have drank of the pure wine of reality, must associate with all the world with a perfect spirit of joy and fragrance, and remind them of that which is for the benefit of all. This is the Commandment of the Wronged One to his saints and sincere ones.

O people of the earth: Make not the religion of God a cause of variance among you. Verily of a truth, it was revealed for the uniting of the whole world. Blessed is he who loves the world simply for the sake of the Face of his Generous Lord. With perfect compassion and mercy have we guided and directed the people of the world to that whereby their souls shall be profited. I declare by the Sun of Truth which hath shone forth from the highest Horizon of the world, that the people of Baha had not any aim save the prosperity and reformation of the world and the purifying of the nations.

The Science of Planetary Influence

Arthur Leonard Harrison.

The subjective influence of planetary vibrations upon human beings is becoming generally recognized the world over. No matter how superficial the study, if the student enters upon it with an unbiased mind, the evidence of text books, and of his own observations, and tests, will prove to him beyond doubt that we are ruled by planetary vibrations.

The basic condition of all matter is of an electrical nature, and we are intimately connected with the most remote star in the universe through the electrical vibrations in the ether. We ourselves are electrical phenomena, our hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, and feeling senses, are merely the result of varied rates of vibration per second conducted to sections of the brain which respond only to the various vibrations coming from the different senses. The brain, of course, is the center of all departments of the senses.

It has been proved that we see electrically by a Professor of Harvard University, who has found that when light rays are passed through the eye on to the photo-electric cells at the rear of the eye, an electrical current is generated, and of course this current travels along the optic nerve to the brain, there to register the exact reproduction of the light rays in the form of the image that is directly in front of the eye.

The Solar System is a huge electric system, the Sun the central source of electrical energy being literally a storage battery, and magnet of great magnitude. The electric-magnetic force emanating from the Sun both holds the planets in their courses and provides an electrical condition responsible for the vibrations we receive from them.

The fact that all the planets are travelling at enormous speed through this electrical condition, the speed varying from approximately six to thirty miles per second, and cutting through the lines of electro magnetic force, is sufficient proof to anyone familiar with electrical subjects, that each planet must be the agency for an extremely powerful yet subtle vibration, which

reaches to all parts of the Solar System, and also to the brains of the beings upon this sphere. The brain then responds to the vibrations of the planets in the same way that a stringed instrument will respond to that of another when they are tuned in accord.

We know how a wireless apparatus on land responds to the vibrations of a sending wireless apparatus at sea, and we are also familiar with the telephone transmitter which sends a message many miles to its receiver. The electric light with its central plant many miles distant is another illustration. Although in the case of the connection by wire, we have a visible connection, yet if we sever the wire we shall find nothing there. The only connection between the transmitting and the receiving apparatus is a vibration, no matter whether the medium of transmission is a metallic conductor or the ether.

This is a brief outline of the way in which the planets perform the work of the Great Universal Mind, the center of all things. We ourselves are in the process of evolution, and to accomplish this evolution it is necessary that we have our tendencies that hinder this evolution eradicated, and as we develop from the animal stage of life, to the Divine being that is the apex of all progress in spiritual affairs, we must perforce have some registering apparatus which records our many details regarding our actions and innermost thoughts. We ourselves are the recording apparatus, and register all these details in our own minds. Our lives are mapped out from beginning to end, and we respond to the vibrations according to the way in which we are attuned at birth, and also to the manner in which we develop spiritually. If our animal natures hold sway, we must expect to be faced with the very worst conditions the planetary vibrations can effect. And it can be truthfully stated that the planets are responsible for the many incidents in our lives, so that if we raise our vibrations by spiritual advancement, our conditions and the incidents we pass through will be so much more refined, according to our purity of thought and actions.

A map of the heavens calculated for your hour of birth, showing the exact positions of the Sun and planets, denotes precisely what conditions and influences you will be subject to

in this life, and only by spiritual development can we make these conditions bearable if they are shown to be evil.

It is our destiny in the Light of the Infinite Wisdom, that we should be subject to these influences, and also that we shall know them too, and so we have the records of Astrological lore handed down to us from the dim and misty past.

If you would advance spiritually, eliminate and outgrow the retarding thoughts as they arise. Purify your mind by right thinking, and your body by correct dieting, eliminating meat entirely, and thereby avoid taking into your system anything that will prevent your development through a troublesome lower mind, built up by impure thought and food.

Practise meditation daily without fail, and by these methods you will raise your vibrations above those to which you were attuned at birth, and thereby will avoid much of the so called evil you might otherwise have to pass through in your lifetime. The evil which is in you must be thoroughly cleansed from your mind by your having to go through experience that will cause you to purify yourself eventually.

To assist in your development, it would be wise to obtain a horoscope of your birth from an Astrologer of repute; then study it until you know your inner nature most thoroughly, and set to work to remake yourself by eliminating all the evil tendencies shown.

Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

BAHA

Baha'o'llah

O, Prince of Peace and Brotherhood and Love,
O Noble Man from the House of Light
To earth didst come like unto the gentle Christ
To suffer—to die—that men might live.

And do they know of love Divine
Descended from the realms above
That God alone in essence given
Could guide their steps on the path to Heaven?

In this dark night—of war and hate
When earth quakes out her righteous indignation
And prison gates enclose hearts pure as snow
God revealed again His mighty sun.

The light gleams forth the beacon on the stormy deep
The glory of the World Divine has trod the path on earth
And as in ages past the thought of man persecuted and entombed
God's Messenger who came to save the world.

Will man ne'er learn but lesser than the beast remain
And like the wolves—tear—rend—and kill
The lives Celestial and Divine sent forth with light in hand
That man may see the path to God?

GLORIA BAKER

BAHAI ACTIVITIES

Much of interest has transpired in the Bahai Library during the last month. On January 7 the late evening meeting in commemoration of the Ascension of Abdul Baha was held in the library, the earlier one gathered in St. Marks at 8:30, and the friends came afterward to the library and remained together until after the hour of Abdul Baha's passing. The meeting was one of the meditations and prayer and the reading of Holy words and was very beautiful. Many strangers have visited the library and much literature has been sold.

On Friday evening, the 27th, we had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Harry Randall and Mrs. Randall, who spoke of the great project of building the Pilgrim House, which Mrs. Randall will superintend, and on account of which she sailed for the Orient on the 28th.

We have had the delightful news that Mrs. Florian Krug is returning to America, for a short visit, and will bring us the most complete details concerning the ascension of Abdul Baha and the recent occurrences at Haifa.

A cable has been received from The Greatest Holy Leaf, saying that Shogi Rabbani, the grandson of Abdul Baha, has been declared by the will Guardian of the Cause and Head of the House of Justice.

Extract from a letter of Dr. Sarah Clock, Teheran Persia, August 5th, 1921.

"We have heard a very interesting bit of news. Lenin sent to the Bahais in Eshkabad requesting from them the privilege of inquiring into the principles of the Bahai Revelation, telling them if he found it false that he would destroy their Mashraele Azkar. He sent eighteen men there and after their return from the conference Lenin sent a wonderful telegram of acceptance of all their principles, so this is the first country to fulfill one of Baha Ullah's prophecies."

(This prophecy was to the effect that the temple of Eshkabad would be the means of bringing the Bahai truth to all of Russia.)

The Remarkable Experience of a Friend

I was prepared for the passing of our Beloved! This was the way it came about! Some seven or eight weeks ago, I fell into a deep sleep, around two o'clock in the morning. My mother came to me. I have never seen her more plainly in life. She stood by my side and said, "In six weeks you will die." At least, those were the words I thought she said. As she faded from my sight, I called out to her to stay—awakening E—and myself. He was alarmed, and asked what was the matter—and I cried, "Oh, my mother, my mother, she has gone, she came to give me a message. She told me I was to die in six weeks, but she did not tell me all." I was still under the impression of the dream, and did not realize how this must upset him. He referred to it many times in the next few days, and, as I was at a very

low ebb physically, I saw it depressed him. A week later from that dream, I dreamed again. This time all I saw was two eyes, Eyes of Infinite Love, understanding, pity and yearning. Even as I gazed at them a voice said, "I am going." A great sadness fell upon me, but a sadness wherein lay also peace. I awoke in the morning with the dream fresh in my mind. I did not speak of it to E—, for he is easily disturbed at such things, and is always troubled at my dream experiences, for I travel far in Dreamland, and he says I chant in some strange language almost the entire night. I thought of my dream continuously, whose were the eyes? Not mortal eyes, as I compared them to all I knew on earth. The following weeks held for me a great spiritual problem. This is what it was: I asked myself if I was performing my duty towards God in remaining a guide to one soul, when I might be doing a broader work.

I have often had this thought. I hope you will understand it. I was ill in bed those weeks and in constant supplication—it seemed to me Abdul Baha was in my room all the time. I was mostly alone, as E— had important business, which took him to other parts of the city. One day when my distress was beyond enduring He came to me and said—The Divine Plan—I opened the book at these words—"Ali Ali, if God guides through thee one soul, it is better for thee than all else" and "if a person becomes the cause of the illumination of the soul it is better than a boundless treasury."

Here were the answers to my questions—here was the direct guidance. I was to remain in a quiet state where He had placed me doing the best I could from day to day, giving all the light I had to that one soul, whom He has placed by my side and receiving light from that soul in return—for do not mistake me, it is not that I believe myself better than anyone, I simply know I have an older soul and it craves fuller expression than it is now having, but with this assurance I am content.

Then E— became filled with a spirit of haste to see the Master. He kept saying, "We must go at once."

We worked out a plan, we could take goods with us to Egypt, sell them there, and so everything was settled.

A—'s letter came, saying that Grace and the doctor were there. E— was for starting on the journey, and, cabling

from our last station, before taking the boat, but a voice told me to cable permission. We went out to a small manufacturing town, got a large consignment to take to Egypt, and returned to Berlin. As we entered our room a cable was handed E— How he got it so soon is a miracle. Usually it takes many, many days. The answer to the one we sent Grace came in three days. I had my back turned to E—. I heard him cry out—turned, and, above his head. I saw the eyes. "It is too late," he cried. "The master is gone. "Not gone," I said. "He is here." A greater peace was in my soul than I had ever known, a sense of protection and nearness. This was our experience. I know many had similar ones.

I hope I have not tired you too much, but I feel you will understand and be interested.

Letter From a Syrian Gentleman on the Bahai Movement

Beyrout, Dec. 16, 1921.

My dear Mrs. M—:

I am highly indebted to your kindness for your letter of 19 Sept. last, the pamphlets you sent me, and the subscription to "Reality" of which I have received the Sept. and Oct. numbers. I must, at the present time, apologize for having been so late in thanking you for all this, but I thought I would be able to read the pamphlets earlier than this.

To begin with, the "Twelve Basic Bahai Principles" as printed on the cover of "Reality," approach nearer my personal principles than any other of the present religions. I had never known that the said 12 principles had ever existed.

Ever since my graduation from college I have entertained the firm belief in (1) the oneness of mankind, and broadly speaking of the Universe, and in (2) the simple necessity of a universal government (world parliament, etc.), a universal language, and a universal code of right, healthy and happy living. Mankind is one family, and should live peaceably and enjoy every possible happiness.

I do not wish to associate myself with the principles of any one religion in particular. Practically all the known religions agree in much of the good ethical principles for life on this planet, but they all have their respective dogma, and imply divinity and the supernatural. I cannot conceive the idea of deity as held by these religions. To me nothing exists without occupying space, and therefore nothing is absolutely immaterial. I do not wish to deny definitely the idea of "spirit," but I confess my inability to comprehend how there can be anything besides matter. If what people call "spirit" is infinitely rarified and attenuated matter, then spirit is matter still.

Any how, generally speaking, the social teachings of Bahaism, if conscientiously and properly applied in this savage age, will be capable of making agonized humanity wiser, healthier and happier. The idea of nationality and class distinction should be smashed to pieces. Society will continue to suffer many miseries and such calamities as the last war so long as there are vying nations; so long as one man says, "I am English," another, "I am American;" or one woman says, "I am German," and another, "I am French," etc.

Science dominates everything. Any religion which does not conform with the laws of science is a defective religion. After all, what we want is not a religion in its usual meaning. We are in need of a universal ethical guide, showing us how to live in the widest and sublimest sense of the word: How to care for children at home and in school, how to offer them equal chances in life, how to pool the interests of all society to the common welfare, how best to toil and be happy, etc., etc. Money and its equivalents are arbitrary, meaningless and illusory factors which have ridiculously gripped social dealings. Money should not exist in its present form and for its present purpose. All must work according to plan, live in equally healthy habitations, eat the same nourishing food, share in the same pleasures and amusements that can reasonably be enjoyed. A main aim should be to enable men and women to live happily and gaily, not neglecting anything that is conducive to the proper attainment of the highest plane of civilization. The sum total of all these rules and requisites is the real religion we want. Bahaism contains much of those requisites for that religion, and I must

admit that, judging by what I have known of it so far, it is the best and most practical religion ever introduced.

The recent death of Abdul Baha was deeply regretted by all who knew his exemplary character and useful life. I have to offer you, as a Bahaist, my sincere sympathy and condolences for his loss. But so long as death cannot be checked we can have no claim.

I should be very pleased and obliged to hear from you or from Mrs. H—. I am an ardent believer in the possibility of a peaceful readjustment of the machinery of our awkward civilization, and the principles of Bahaism are bound to play an important part in helping to bring about that transformation. I have really admired those principles, and, being unmarried, I hope to find a life companion who admires the same principles!!!

I close by repeating my thanks and by offering you and Mrs. H— my best wishes and kindest regards,

Yours very sincerely,

FUAD J. SAAD.

Address: F. J. Saad Esq., care of Baroody's Pharmacy, Beyrout, Syria.



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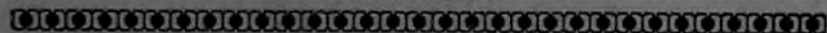
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Do you recall one of those rare moments in life when the veil is lifted for a moment, when a breath of inspiration comes like a flash, when the future seems to be suddenly illuminated, when you feel a mastery stealing into hand and brain, when you see yourself as you really are, see the things you might do, the things you can do, when forces too deep for expression, too subtle for thought, take possession of you, and then, as you look back on the world again, you find it different; something has come into your life you know not what, but you know it was something very real?

Winning victories is a matter of morale, of consciousness, of mind. Would you bring into your life more money, get the money consciousness; more power, get the power consciousness; more health, get the health consciousness; more happiness, get the happiness consciousness. Live the spirit of these things until they become your by right. It will then become impossible to keep them from you. The things of the world are fluid to a power within man by which he controls them.

You need not acquire this power. You already have it. But you want to understand it; you want to use it; you want to control it; you want to impregnate yourself with it so that you can go forward and carry the word before you.

And what is this world that you would carry before you? It is no dead pile of stones and timber. It is a living thing! It is made up of the beating hearts of humanity and the indescribable harmony of the myriad souls of men, now strong and impregnable, anon weak and vacillating.

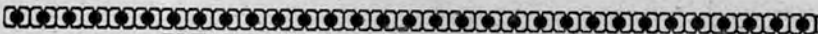
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If you would go aloft, into the heights, where all that you ever dared to think or hope is but a shadow of the dazzling reality, you may do so. Upon receipt of your name and address, I will send you a copy of a book by Mr. Bernard Guilbert Guernsey, the celebrated New York author and critic. It affords the inspiration which will put you in harmony with all that is best in life, and as you come into harmony with these things, you make them your own, you relate with them, you attract them to you. The book is sent without cost or obligation of any kind, yet many who have received it say that it is by far the most important thing which has ever come into their lives.

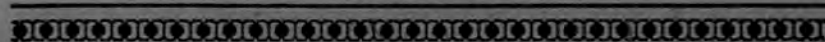
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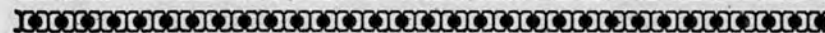
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